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NUMBER 6.

SAVE MONEY! PATRONIZE

CHAS. PFLANZE'S

NEW FURNITURE STORE,

Maryville, Tennessee.

Keep constantly on hand, and make to order, every variety of Furniture, from the cheapest to the finest and most elegant styles. Coffins made to order and kept constantly on hand. Give me a trial. All work warranted to be as represented. Prices cheap for cash. Salesroom and factory first door north of C. H. Baiter's tin shop.

W. W. Lawrence,

MANUFACTURER OF

BOOTS, SHOES, SADDLES, SOLE LEATHER,

UPPER LEATHER.

Harness Leather, Kip Skins, etc.,

Springfield, Tennessee,

(Two Miles Northeast of Maryville.)

Dry Goods, Groceries, Hardware, Queensware, Notions, etc.

Cash paid for Hides, at advanced prices, delivered at my Yard.

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Physicians Prescriptions Carefully Filled.

W. J. BETTERTON & BRO.,

Knoxville, Tennessee.

Distillers,

AND WHOLESALE DEALERS IN

Whiskies, Brandies, and Wines,

CORN WHISKY,

WHITE RYE WHISKY,

SILVER SPRAY WHISKY.

XXXX Roane County Whisky.

These whiskies go through a process of purification peculiar to their own manufacture, and they consequently recommend them, even for medicinal purposes, as equal to any whiskies that are made.

NEW GOODS!

I have just received a new stock of Goods at my store, known as

HUFFSTETLER'S STORE,

Near Carpenter's Camp Ground.

These goods have been selected with care, and are suited to the wants of

THE PEOPLE,

And consist of DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, HARDWARE, &c., and will be sold to customers on

REASONABLE TERMS.

All I ask is a fair trial. Am thankful for past patronage—hope to merit a continuance of the same.

I will give Good Weight and Measure.

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(WEST SIDE MARKET SQUARE.)

Persons from Mount county, while in the city, wanting anything

DONE IN MY LINE,

are invited to give me a call.

CHARGES MODERATE.

All work Warranted, if Desired.

W. F. CUMMINS,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER IN

PIANOS, ORGANS, MUSICAL

INSTRUMENTS,

SHEET MUSIC,

MUSIC BOOKS, &c.

93 Gay Street, Knoxville, Tenn.

Violin Strings a Specialty.

ORDERS SOLICITED.

THE SOFT GUITAR.

A DRAMATIC FRAGMENT.

Scene.—Moonlight. Beneath the lady's window appears the lover and sings, with guitar accompaniment.

LOVER.

Open thy lattice, O lady bright!
The earth lies calm in the fair moonlight;
Gaze on the glint of each gleaming star,
And list to the notes of my soft guitar.

At the lady's window a vision shone
Twas the lady's head, with a night-cap on.

LOVER.

See! at the casement appearing now,
With tiny fingers she shows her brow,
Oh, woe me!—though latter thy sorrow are,
I will soothe them to rest with my soft guitar.

Then the lady answered: "Who's going to weep?
Go way with your fiddle, and let me sleep."

LOVER.

(Sighing, but still hopeful.)
Then sleep, dear lady: thy fringed lids close,
Pinnles of cherubs fan thy repose,
While through thy casement, softly ajar,
The sweet notes of my soft guitar.

Then the lady her "secret pain" confessed
With the plaintive murmur: "Oh, give me a rest!"

LOVER.

(Slightly discouraged.)
Child me not harshly, O lady fair!
Bound from thy lattice and hear my prayer,
Sustaining from time to time thy sighs,
Mournfully touching my soft guitar.

And the lady answered: "You stupid thing,
If you've got the catarrh stop trying to sing!"

LOVER.

(Filled with natural and righteous indignation.)
Crush not fair one, thy scorn restrain!
Better death's quiet than thy scornous air,
I go to fall in some distant star,
Sustaining from time to time thy sighs,
Mournfully touching my soft guitar.

Answered the lady: "Well, hurry and go!
I'm holding the catarrh ready to throw."

LOVER.

(Making immediate preparations to depart.)
Fare thee well, I leave thee! When I'm dead,
Still shall my memory haunt thy breast;
Better death's quiet than thy scornous air,
I go to fall in some distant star.

A skeleton touching a soft guitar!

From the lady's window her dulcet tones
On the night-wind floated: "Go to, Old Bones!"

Then the lover, in agony, roamed afar—
Full limp in the gutter and snatched his guitar.

A CALIFORNIA IDYL.

The declining sun was casting his rays over "Poor Man's Gulch," situated at the foot of the Sierra Nevada, near where the town of Mariposa now stands, at the close of one dry (dry season) in the year of our Lord 1854.

As we said before, the sun was casting his rays over the Gulch up the towering heights of the hills, bringing out the rich green of the waving pines, and lighting up the faces of a group of men who stood watching an advancing figure. The aforesaid figure slowly plodded its way along, followed by a very discouraged looking mule, bearing upon its back the simple outfit of a prospecting miner.

There was a look of discontent upon the faces of the reception committee, and they even eyed the stranger with suspicion. The fact was, such a number of strangers had come to their camp claiming hospitality, who had been weighed in the balance and found wanting, that they were decidedly averse to extending the right hand of fellowship to a subject unless he proved to be of the right stripe.

All doubts were speedily dispelled as the stranger's honest face came in view, and when Sam Cuckoo, the spokesman of the party, stepped forward and grasped his hand, he received a hearty welcome.

The new comer was not allowed to say a word until he had partaken of a hearty supper, his long-earred companion in the meantime being well taken care of.

The sun, with the promptitude so peculiar to that part of the country, had gone down with a "plump," very much resembling the extinguishment of a candle by means of the application of a finger and thumb. After supper found the stranger seated in the midst of a party who had assembled to make his acquaintance, pipe in hand, and his face wearing a calm, contented air which seemed to say: "Yere I am, yere I am amongst good friends, and yere I'm going to stay."

An awkward silence succeeded the ceremony of introduction, as, according to the then prevailing etiquette, it was due to the new-comer to have the first say.

The silence was broken by a laconic remark from the stranger to the effect that his name was Hiram Tucker. This encouraged the party soon got from him his simple story, which amounted to this:

He was a bachelor, and hailed from an Eastern state. At the breaking out of the gold fever he took it into his head to carry a cargo of Yankee notions across the Horn, and he was a good speculation. He arrived at San Francisco in good order, sold his cargo, and lost his crew, who deserted as soon as the ship cast anchor. There he was in a strange land, with plenty of money in his pocket and no means of returning home. Accepting the situation in a graceful way peculiar to himself, and having no family ties, he decided to cast his lot in the golden land, hoping some day to become a useful citizen. What with the high rates of living and the gaming-table Uncle Tucker—for so they dubbed him—speedily became a poor man. Becoming conscious that he must work for a living, he scraped up enough from his shattered fortunes to provide himself with an outfit, and set out grubbing in the earth and inspecting the rocks in search of that which constituted the chief aim of man at that particular time and place. His statement included a long list of disappointments, lucky finds, and wanderings, which would tire the reader's patience should we enumerate them in detail. Suffice it to say that Uncle Tucker met with the same good fortune as nine-tenths of his compatriots. He had more than once made up his mind "to strike west, an' go tew Jaypan," as he had heard a man could live for almost nothing there, but here he was, high and dry, at Poor Man's Gulch, and if the boys would lend a hand he would set up a shanty and settle down.

The boys certainly would lend a hand, and after cordially shaking hands they bade Uncle Tucker good night.

The next day the work of erecting the new habitation began in good earnest, and by night a neat, substantial log shanty stood ready for occupancy.

"Gentlemen," said Uncle Tucker that night, as the festivities came to a close,

"I name this 'Hotel Independence.' The latch-string is always out, and if the door is ever barred may a 'uthquack come an' shake ev'ry peg out of the joints, and leave no timber on another. Ev'ry brother is welcome ter come an' go when he pleases, an' the thanks of Uncle Tucker lew all. A stranger come among ye and ye took 'im in. My thanks agin, gentlemen, an' good night." He added hastily, as he turned and closed the door.

The face of every man wore a pleased expression. The satisfaction of doing a good turn for the honest-hearted, kindly old man was ample compensation for lost time—not counting in the look of gratitude he gave them as he retired from view. Uncle Tucker located a claim, had his declaration filed, and manfully went to work. His first assay was encouraging; being reported as equal to ten dollars a ton, which Uncle Tucker said was the best he had done in a dog's age, and he could afford to put himself on the back for it.

It was a right cheerful sight to see the old man grubbing away in the warm sunlight—his bald head glistening with the highest polish, and the clouds of moist earth flying in showers behind him. He looked so happy that those about him would sometimes rest on their picks to gaze on him, and when he looked up they would fall to work again. The women and children loved Uncle Tucker, and Sunday afternoons the old man would take a party of little ones, and they would go away upon the hills and gather huge bunches of delicious grapes, which had been planted by the Franciscan monks a century ago.

Uncle Tucker had been nearly a year at Poor Man's Gulch, when another stranger arrived. Not that it was unusual for strangers to arrive—and go, too, for that matter—but this was a stranger of importance. It was this way. Uncle Tucker was working in his claim one day when his eyes caught a "uthquack" figure coming toward him. The figure seemed to be that of a boy of about fourteen years of age. He had a fresh, clear complexion, a fine, dark eye, and black hair, which fell in curls upon his shoulders. In his hand he carried a small black bag, and he had the appearance of having traveled from a distance. He walked straight up to the old man, who regarded him in perplexity. He whispered to the miner, who dropped his pick, started at him a moment in speechless surprise, and then clasped him in his arms. "Come all the way from Down East, see how you are!" The boys "came," and Uncle Tucker addressed them thus:

"Yere me, boys—Hiram Tucker! Yere me, my niggers, Joseph Tucker, come all the way from Down East, see how you are!" And once more the delighted old man embraced his now-found nephew.

"Not another stroke tew-day, Joe," said he, shouldering his tools and taking the boy by the hand. "I'm tew tew Hotel Independence, an' tell us all about it." And they moved off followed by such exclamations as "Flee boy," "Good luck, ole boss!" "Saves ye right!" etc.

Arriving at Hotel Independence, it was found full of children who were told by Uncle Tucker to run home and tell mamma that he had got a new nephew. "The chile was laid upon the rude bed, and then he told his story. What he said we know not, for it was not intended for the general ear; we only know that it was attended with some tears and a great many consolatory remarks from Uncle Tucker.

Young Joe speedily became a favorite in the camp. His quiet, unassuming ways and cheerful disposition won him many friends. He had a way, too, of brightening up the rough cabin, putting bunches of wild flowers here and there, and making various useful ornaments. Games with cards were gradually abolished in Hotel Independence, and instead Joe read to the guests from books which his uncle sent to "Flee" for. Then sometimes they would joke Joe about his mustache, which was yet to come, and which Joe would blush and laugh, though at his own expense.

Two years passed away, and then a young lady residing in the Gulch took it into her head to fall in love with Joe. A change came over Uncle Tucker from the time of the discovery of this passion, which his uncle sent to "Flee" for. This was a source of distress to his friends, as they would confide in no one, and so could not be advised.

Among the lower classes at the gulch was a Mexican half-breed by the name of Pedro, but called "Lobos" on account of his evil disposition. It had often been proposed to drive him from the gulch, but he was too cunning, and through the wishes of Uncle Tucker they were permitted to remain. Better had his kind interference been unheeded, for the objects of his good offices did very little but sit in the sun and play with their curious-looking, greasy cars.

One evening Uncle Tucker was returning from his work when he met Joe at the door, pale as death and all in a tremble. "My boy! my boy! What is the matter?" cried the astonished old man.

"Nothing, uncle; nothing of consequence," returned Joe.

"But there is, my son; yer pale and tremblin'. Tell ole uncle."

"Pedro went in and frightened him," squeaked a youngster, standing by.

"Was he insultin' tew my boy?" demanded Uncle Tucker, throwing his tools to the ground.

Joe did not answer, and the now angry man strode rapidly towards the back shed. From there he procured a heavy black-snake whip, and started down the gulch. He presently came upon Pedro, lounging along, but who saw him in time to lay his hand upon a revolver, which was instantly wrested from him by the stalwart old miner. The blows from the black-snake rained fast and heavy upon the writhing victim; do what he could he could not break from that iron grasp, and he was only released when the arm that wielded the whip was thoroughly tired out.

"Ther," said Uncle Tucker, throwing

him from him, "come an' insult my boy agin, will ye? Ye yellow-bellied scoundrel! What's that? Malidito? Ye will, hey? Scoot now, git!" And the half-breed moved off muttering.

"Some men moughter blowed his head off for less; but that's agin my principles," said Uncle Tucker to the assemblage, who were so taken aback at the scene in a rage that no one lifted a hand to help him.

"My boy," said the old man that night just before retiring, "we've got tew leave. We'll go Yere or strike for some other diggin' on the Nevada side. It's hard tew leave ole friends, but we got tew go, sonny."

"How would Japan do, uncle?" "Japan would do, sonny. I understand 'ther very much opposed tew furment on that kentry."

"Uncle," said Joe, laying his hand affectionately on the old man's head, "you are unhappy on my account. I know you are, and rather than put you out, Joe will go back home—at least not home—but I will go away."

"My child," said Uncle Tucker, laying his hand on Joe's arm, "dew ye ever speak that way agin, tew yer ole uncle. In luck or out o' luck, we're partners. What's mine is yorn, an' what's yorn is mine. Favorite sister o' mine's child, Joe, an' yer ole uncle loves ye as he does the apple of his eye. No, no, we'll light out, an' go where we know no more, an' start in different."

You shall go to school, Joe, an' yer ole uncle'll see ye git a good education. Ther's settled, my child. Good night. And drawing the curtain that separated his bed from the main room, he turned in.

The next morning Uncle Tucker was off bright and early to his claim; his face wore a happier look than it had worn for months. He had no apprehensions of the half-breed, as he was a coolly brave man, and he did not think Pedro would molest the boy after the lesson he had received. It was his intention to sell out his claim, bid his friends good-by, and locate somewhere else.

"Jimmy," said Uncle Tucker to a red-shirted Hercules, who stood at his side, "what'll ye allow for the claim?" "Oh, sho! Uncle Tucker," replied Jimmy, "an' don't want to sell out."

"Don't know 'bout that; what'll ye give?" At this moment a boy ran up calling to the old man.

"Yere me!" said he, turning to the boy with his old smile.

"Uncle Tucker, come up to the hotel, quick! Somepings happen."

"What is it, sonny? Fer God's sake tell me! Is it Joe?"

"Don't know," Uncle Tucker replied the boy; "all I know is, we heard a 'n' in the shanty, an' the nex' thing some one went by on the mule, makin' big time."

Uncle Tucker waited to hear no more, but ran on for his house. There was a crowd at the door waiting for him. He rushed in, and then, extended on the bed, lay the lifeless form of his beloved boy! There he lay covered with stab wounds, and quite dead. With a heart-broken cry, the old miner threw himself on his knees at the side of the bed.

"Speak to ole uncle, honey!" he cried; "speak, Joe, an' tell who did it!" But there was no reply from Joe. "My child, my child, my boy, Pedro! S'aroh him out an' shoot him down!" thundered the enraged man.

Pedro? Was it Pedro? A man stooped at the side of the bed and picked up one of those curious-looking cards, a mite witness of the terrible deed, but bearing upon its face unmistakable evidence as to the murderer. Yes, it was Pedro. A dozen men immediately set out in pursuit of the murderer.

The grief of the old man was painful to witness. The room was cleared and a consultation held outside as to what had best be done. It was argued that no one but the Mexican had been guilty of the crime, and that if he was caught he would be in safe hands. They thought it would be well for a doctor to examine the body and make a report to a committee of citizens. A red-shirted miner, who was the district physician, pushed open the door and entered the room. He announced his errand to Uncle Tucker, and softly approached the bed. He opened the boy's jacket and gently turned it back. He started and stepped back, while a deep blush dyed his face and neck, as if he had been caught in some shameful act. He turned to leave the room, when the old man, who had been watching him, clutched him nervously by the sleeve.

"Not yet, not yet, doc," he whispered, "let the burryin' take place this afternoon. An' will ye come an' see to my dear child?"

The doctor said he would; and wringing Uncle Tucker's hand he passed out. That afternoon a solemn procession wound its way up the hills to the grave yard, and there a grave was dug, and the body of the boy was gently lowered into it. Amid the hushed sobs of the grief-stricken man the rough doctor read the burial service. Grief was depicted in every stern face and every eye held a tear. As the men stepped forward to fill the grave with earth, a pack of cards upon the box which held the form of little Joe. There was a rude eloquence in the act, and one which spoke volumes in behalf of the simple-hearted fellow, who showed his devotion to the dead in the best way he could. The grave was filled up and a little mound raised over it, which was covered with the pure white wrappings which grew all about in profusion.

"Tew-morrow, doc, an' then ye may," faltered Uncle Tucker, as he stood in his door. "Come in the mornin' an' I'll tell ye." The light burned late in Hotel Independence that night, and some said Uncle Tucker was praying. Little groups of men stood about, talking in subdued whispers, when the sound of horses' hoofs were heard coming up the road. It was the party who had gone in pursuit of the murderer. A note from the leader showed that justice had been dealt out to the fugitive, and every man breathed freely.

The next morning the doctor went to Uncle Tucker's door. He knocked, but receiving no answer walked in. The room was vacant, and the bed had not been disturbed. Perplexed, the doctor

looked about him, when his eye caught something white lying on the table. It was a letter directed to him. Opening it, he read:

The daughter of a favorite sister of mine, Josie, her mother an' her father, run away an' come too her ole uncle. She comes in this yer camp as a boy, an' fur claim to my child an' fur my makin' talk to her as so. She was the darlin' of ole Tucker's last an' the Lord help Pedro if he gits site on him. Mi bill up the wally was tooked from ole uncle afore he was live-out with him. Ole Tucker's hed's afore, doc. Mi affection too the boys and tel em mi story and I will be fur awa. Good by. Josephine Tucker was her name. HIRSH TUCKER.

The hand of the doctor trembled as he read this simple epistle; old Uncle Tucker had gone from among them, and his kindly old face would never be seen again.

An hour later another lifeless form lay in the Hotel Independence. Some passers-by saw a figure stretched upon the little grave up in the pines, and going to it found it to be Uncle Tucker, with his arms clasped about the mound and his soul far away. They brought him back and laid him on the rude bed, with the bright sun shining in and playing upon his lifeless features, which wore the smile of old.

"What's doc say, Jim?" said a bystander.

"He sez a stroke of apoplexy knocked him under," was the answer.

"Well, apoplexy some call it, replied the other, but I say he died of a broken-heart."

WINE AND WHISKY.

Proverbs and Extracts for the Times that Try Women's Souls.

VINO PROVERBS.

1. In vino veritas.

2. A heart for wine is a heart for kindness.

3. A real wine drinker laughs with his eyes.

4. Beware of the wine vault, facilis descensus Avern.

5. Burgundy smiles, look winks, champagne laughs.

6. Port for the people, elaret for the gentry, burgundy for princes.

7. Good wine should drink smooth like liquefied velvet.

8. Love stole its purple light from the wine cup.

9. Capid and champagne exchange many a glance.

10. Of wine and love the first taste is best; no second sip equals it.

11. The bottle is of the aristocracy; treat it like a gentleman.

12. The Caliban of wine is port, the Ariel champagne.

13. The bottle is the most voluptuous of assassins.

14. The religion of wine is catholic.

15. Value wine like women—for maturity not age.

16. Whisper no gallantries at the table till the champagne has gone round.

17. Wine wit is the soul's rainbow.

18. Wine and youth are fire upon fire.

19. Good wine is milk for the ages.

20. Wine is a turn-out, first a friend, then an enemy.

21. When the wine is in the wit is out.

22. Wine of the second bottle is a bad story-teller.

23. The drunkard's fault is not the wine's, but his own.

24. Your stomach is your wine cellar; keep the stock small and good.

ALCOHOLIC EXTRACTS.

"The function of alcohol is to diminish the necessary function of lying."

John Fiske.

"Alcohol enables us to destroy the laws of nature without suffering immediate and speedy destruction."

Parton.

"Alcohol is the monarch of liquids. America was subjugated by alcohol as by gun-powder."

Savarin.

"This thirst for a liquid which nature has wrapped in mystery, this extraordinary desire, traceable in every race of man, in every clime, under every temperature, is well worth the attention of the philosophical observer."

Savarin.

"Can we imagine a beverage compounded of such ingredients as nuxvomica, hebanne, opium, arsenic, sulphuric acid, oil of turpentine, sugar of lead, tannin, aloe, and quassia, without an involuntary shudder?"

Hartley.

"A flustering devil, a sweet poison, a pleasant sin, which whoever doth commit committeth not a single sin but becometh centre and slave of all manner of sin."

St. Augustine.

"The creator in constructing the human body made it perfect. Alcohol is foreign to the body."

Carpenter.

"Milk for women, wine for men, brandy for heroes."

Anon.

"Alcohol is a mental machine; it enables us to translate force into time. It is a time-saving machine."

Medical Times.

"Alcohol is destroying more souls than all the ministers in Great Britain are instrumental in saving."

Washington Chronicle.

"Wine fills the hearts of men with kindly feeling toward each other, renders them sympathetic, makes them talkative, and induces them to confide their joys and sorrows to each other."

Plutarch.

"Men are much better acquainted with each other while drinking than at other times."

Plato.

"In vino veritas—there is truth in wine. It was the saying of all antiquity that deep drinkers are great thinkers, and that wine induces us to speak the truth."